

POEMS

by Josette Davis Key
"Writer's Corner"

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GRAY BLUE SKY

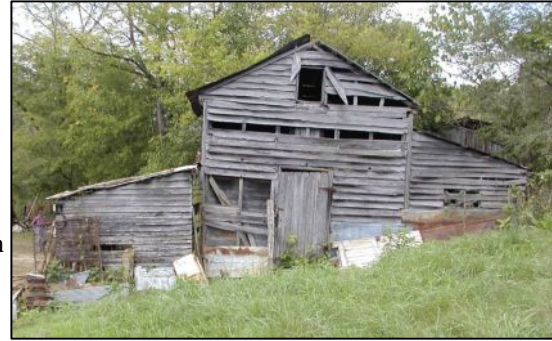
On a lonely hill
Stands a lonely house
Under a gray blue sky.

An empty shell of what used to be
A reminder of days gone by.

It's walls once housed a family with love
Its' roof kept them safe and dry
It's windows shone with the bright morning sun
As they watched the world go by.

If ever you pass this lonely house
Stop a minute and think
Of all the lives and all the love
That's passed through this lonely place.

And remember with love
How life must have been
Under a gray blue sky.



PLL FLY

My back is bent
My legs are weak
But in my mind
I fly.

My sight is dull
My hearing fades
But in my mind
I fly.

Someday, when my race is run
God, will look and say 'Well Done'
And then with angel's wings I'll rise
And into His arms I'll Fly.





NOWHERE

A little girl sat
On a big flat rock
Out in the middle of nowhere.

She sat and she watched
As the people ran by
Out in the middle of nowhere.

The little girl greeted each one with a smile
And asked them all to sit down for a while
But they were too busy running around
Each on taking their place in the town –
To notice a girl on a big flat rock
Out in the middle of nowhere.



THE LAND OF FAR AWAY

Off in the land of far away
Where rivers run and children play.

Where deer and rabbit play in the sun
And never have a fear of the gun.

Where flowers bloom in meadows green
In colors we have never seen.

Where sky's are blue with clouds of white
Never is there any night.

Where rain and snow are out of season
And for this there is no reason.

Except for God's eternal love
Which flows to Earth from Heaven above.

And I'll meet you on some wonderful day
Off in the land of far away.



“Writer’s Corner” accepts any family-friendly poetry, essays or narratives of 700 words or fewer from local writers. To submit materials for possible publication, e-mail arts@heald-citizen.com or send to Herald-Citizen, c/o Arts Editor, 1300 Neal Street, Cookeville, TN 38501. The editor reserves the right to edit or refuse submissions.

*Read more “Writer’s Corner” at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>

POEMS

by Josette Davis Key
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SPRINGTIME ON THE MOUNTAIN

Red bud trees in a sea of green
White and pink Dogwood everywhere
Heralding springtime to all
Who live on the mountain.

Blue birds build their nests
Animals bring their babies
Out for all to see
Baby rabbits, squirrel and deer
All have a place on this hill.

Goodbye snow and wind
Goodbye cold, depressing days
Goodbye endless nights.

The Earth is reborn
And all is right with the world.

MOUSE RAP

There's a mouse in my house
It just ran under the couch
I really hate to say it
But I don't think I can take it.

There's a mouse in my house
I'm really quite annoyed
There's some bread on the floor
It must have really enjoyed.

There's a mouse in my house
Think I'll hit it with my shoe
It really seems quite dead now
Think I'll flush it down the loo.

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